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LAURA BELL
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Dedicated

TO HIM OR HER OF KINDRED TASTE
WHO HAS A LITTLE TIME TO WASTE.

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LOST AND FOUND

LOST

MISSING—a tall and manly form

Which came and went awhile,
Since swept from sight by life's wild storm
I scarce can force a smile.

Missing—a pair of dark gray eyes

Which shone with light of love ;
Without them, gray are grown the skies
Which darkly lower above.

Missing—a strong yet tender arm,

A hand-clasp, not oft won,

A loyal friend, to whom great harm
By love of me was done.

Missing—the sound of a full, rich voice
Which rang in love's clear tone ;
The owner's gone, but do I rejoice
That I am left alone?

Missing—the sound, the touch, the sight,
Of him who was faithful ever,
Though quick rebuke, rebuff, and slight
Were heaped on him forever.

Now, valued at their own true worth,
That love and friendship spurned,
Oh, if he still remain on earth
That love shall be returned !

Reward—a sad and contrite heart,
A hand long sought in vain,
O'erwhelming love, which naught can part
From master-love again !

FOUND

Found—the sweetest, fairest thing on earth,
Half human, half divine,
And all my grief is changed to mirth
To think this treasure's mine.

A lithe young form, petite and round,
Now flits before my eyes ;
'Twas lost so long, but now 'tis found,
And I possess this prize.

A pair of melting, hazel eyes
O'erflow with love and tears,

Creating such a glad surprise
That I forget past fears

And seize in mine the tiny hand
Which holds a heart within,
And since that heart with love is manned,
I, man-like, venture in.

L'ENVOI

HE

A fool, eh?—I know it ;
But who isn't a fool
Who thinks to turn poet
Without metre or rule,
Or sense, too, for that matter,
When the theme is a woman?
Yet we all are but human,

And when women will flatter,
What chance have we then,
Alas ! we poor men !

SHE

I wonder if I *was* a goose ;
I think not, though,—not quite.
Of course, my rhymes were but a ruse ;
But then, all turned out right.
His friends will say *I* threw the noose,
And fished for him to bite,
But when men *will* be so obtuse,
I think girls might—yes—might——

A MODERN PRISCILLA

MY DEAREST PRISCILLA :—

The charming distiller
Of cider on tap,
I wish to acquaint you,
You dear little saint, you,
Of quite a mishap

Which chanced to affect me,—
I'm sure you suspect me
And guess what it is,—
For no one can wonder
That hearts beat like thunder
At sight of your phiz !

What causes my sighs, dear?
Your beautiful eyes, dear,
 Alluring me on
To whisper I love you,
You dear little dove, you,
 In clinging gray gown !

Your charming expression
Brings forth this confession
 Of love at first sight ;
I pray you believe me,
And won't you receive me
 And pity my plight?

Oh, give me some hope, dear,
And let us elope, dear,
 And flee many *Miles*.

I'll leave you? oh, never !

I'll love you forever

And bask in your smiles.

THE SWEETEST NAME

THE sweetest name in all the land
Is one I love to say,—
'Tis yours, of course, you understand,
But yet, I hope some day
You'll change it for another, love,
Which sweeter far will be,
For by that change you'll surely prove
That you belong to me.

GOOD-BY !

I *dare* not say it as I *would*,
For something bids me nay ;
I *must* not say it as I *could*,—
For strength alone I pray

To hear the parting sure to come
Whenever friends may meet,
A parting which will find me dumb,
And make my heart scarce beat.

I *cannot* say it as I *should*,
However hard I try,
But trust I may be understood,
Howe'er I say good-by !

AN OLD SAYING

Iago. I wear my heart upon my sleeve for daws to peck at.—OTHELLO, *Act I., Scene I.*

(An adapted version of an old saying, being suitable reading for St. Valentine's Day.)

To —

IN days of yore
The lover swore
To love his lady ever,
And hung his heart
Pierced through with dart
Where it would show forever.

Upon the sleeve
Without her leave,
For vicious daws to peck,
The luckless heart
In church or mart
His lady's sleeve would deck.

Now obsolete
This custom sweet,
The reason why is clear,
For man perceives
That ladies' sleeves
Can quickly disappear.

And lost to sight,
In bag shut tight,
The heart could beat no more !

Yet woman's game
Of hearts is same
As 'twas in days of yore,
And shall be evermore !

MOTHERLESS

NEVER until a mother's care
And tender love are lost,
Can child of hers the sad thought bear
Of what that loss will cost.

And yet, we all at some dread time
Must undergo this trial ;—
Then seems each passing thought a crime,
And poor is self-denial.

When Death, relentless king, draws near
And sways his shadowy wand,

We must relinquish those held dear
And loose an earthly bond.

How hard it is to snap that cord
None knoweth, till the grief
Of giving up one loved, adored,
Surpasseth all belief!

A mother dies on Christmas morn,
In sleep her soul takes flight,
To heavenly glories she is born,
And wakes to endless light.

That mother's place no one can fill,
The void made by her loss
Is one that does, and ever will,
O'erwhelm one with its force.

* * * * *

What season seems most fit for death?

A voice is heard to say :

“To die as with the year’s last breath,
To wake to glorious day !”

AN ADVANCED DARWINIAN THEORY

(Written for the Locust Club)

SHOULD it ever be your fate,
As it has been mine of late,
To listen to a series of discourses
On the subject evolution,
It will cause a revolution
Of fundamental principles and forces.

If of science you're a lover,
You will quickly then discover
A *cell* is what for life is most desired,
And some protoplasmic mass
Does of course all else surpass
In furnishing the pabulum required.

You no longer can set store
By your wealth of hard-earned lore,
Which teaches you in manner antiquated,
But new views the old replace,
And you find an ape's sweet face
To yours, alas ! is very near related.

Since the prehistoric ages,—
And man *has* progressed some stages,—
'Tis fair to think he still can make advances ;
And if only we can prove
He continues on the move
Our pleasure in existence it enhances.

Now, what testimony great
Will be needed to inflate
One's faith in such a strange hallucination

As descent from ape to man?
Yet a man a "locust" can
Become by long and steady application.

So I hope you will agree,
For I'm sure 'tis plain to me,
A Locust is a higher form of being ;
And, as specimens of these
Are here seated at their ease,
My logic is as clear as is your seeing.

As you glance now here, now there,
At each member in his chair,
You'll fain observe a higher mental status
Than's depicted on the features
Of those other mortal creatures
Who're not endowed with the divine afflatus.

Some might say 'tis retrogression
In the stages of succession
For man to spring from mammal to cicada ;
But I'm sure you will maintain
That the latter have more brain
Than found in skull of genus quadrumana.

They are governed, too, by laws,
Which, like others, have some flaws,
Administered by good and wise dictators ;
If their talents are confusing,
The results though are amusing
In programmes filled by amateur creators.

Though they live in atmosphere
Made so rarefied and clear
By culture and æsthetics close united,

Yet this diet's too ambitious,
And, alas ! 'tis not nutritious,
For wants of flesh and blood must be re-
quited.

So, 'tis surely within reason
They should eat *one* meal each season
To keep them from becoming too ethereal ;
'Tis to-day, then, that they meet
To enjoy their Jersey treat,
And thus prevent an ending quite funereal.

This development to you
Is comparatively new,
The race has had but eight years' brief exist-
ence ;

By additions well selected,
And the species thus perfected,
'Twill certainly progress through sheer persistence.

If these views are well received,
It will firmly be believed
That man has reached his eighth stage of progression ;
Yet reluctantly we say
That a higher stage one day
Again may greatly alter his expression !

Let me tell you, in conclusion,
That there must be no confusion
Between *this* branch of Locusts and another,

Which in ages far remote
Did in Egypt then denote
A plague of more destruction than all other.

They were known to be audacious
And exceedingly voracious,
Such qualities their namesakes don't inherit.
And now, I humbly beg
You'll not call *me* a plague
For boring you with verses without merit.

A SMALL BOY'S PLAINT

I'VE written letters by the score,
And yet each damsel wishes more.
Now, why it is that *I* should be
The victim of their coquetry
I really, truly, cannot see,
For I am blind as blind can be.

They're not content with one short verse
Which tells of love in terms most terse,
But all make use of maiden's art
To break my oft besieged heart,—
To wound me with a piercing dart,
And laugh, perchance, if then I start.

And as a guerdon for this act—
I do assure you 'tis a fact—
I'm forced to write to each fair maid ;
Not to reproach her nor upbraid,
But just to say I feel repaid
For treatment such from *her*, sweet maid !

My sorrows are to ladies joy,—
With looks and smiles and kisses coy,
They treat me like a little boy
And make of me a lovely toy.
I'm sure you'll guess, unless you're stupid,
This persecuted boy is Cupid !

AN AMERICAN'S SOLILOQUY

WHEN climbing hills or threading dales,
When drinking draughts the gods have drunk,
When morning breaks, or evening pales,
Behold, the omnipresent trunk !

When rapt in meditation sweet
On bones of virgin or of monk,
When list'ning winds the tale repeat,
Behold, the omnipresent trunk !

When idly sailing o'er calm lakes
In boats as odd as Chinese junk,

“Facchino” desolation makes
And seeks the omnipresent trunk !

When crossed the Pass, near foaming stream
Where ages’ snows have frozen, sunk,
And reached the inn where warmth doth teem,
Behold, the omnipresent trunk !

When facing homeward on the seas,
Recov’ring from linguistic shocks,
When minus Baedeker and fees
And ev’rything save travelling-box,

Regard with tears that well-worn friend,
With pathos note its lacking lock,
Dejected strap flaps out an end,
And breathe “adieu” when reaching dock.

THE FISHERMAN

THERE was an old doctor named Bundy
Who fished ev'ry day save on Sunday ;
When he caught a small trout
Then he gave a great shout,
This clever old chappie named Bundy.

He sat on a rock on a Monday
And stayed there until the next Sunday,
Though he went without dinner
Yet he did not grow thinner,
This jolly old sinner named Bundy.

Andromache-like, he went “rocking”
In costume—well—equally shocking ;
His wide knickerbockers
Amusing all mockers,
Made ample display of his—stocking !

And yet, he's of aspect benign,
Befitting an able divine
Who aims at high goals
And angles for souls
As well as for fish on his line.

AN OPEN LETTER

ONLY once in four years can
A maiden tell her secret love,
Tell it openly to man,
Tearing wide the veil above.

The time has come, but, oh, my heart,
Why shrink'st thou from the pleasant task?
Dost fear the truth, with wingéd dart,
Would cause a *fracas*, may I ask?

Ah, no ! too well I know the world,
And men, alas ! are oft obtuse ;

My heart might at *his* feet be hurled

And gain as greeting,—“What the deuce!”

And yet, despite this looked-for greeting,

I fling it wildly, wildly, dear ;

Look on me kindly, and on meeting

Invoke a blessing on Leap Year.

Perchance some wonder who are meant

As actors in this little game ;

But then, all know this missive's sent

By me

“On dit,”

And then supply the other name

With thine, oh, thine,

My Valentine !

GREETING

(Written for the Treble Clef)

SHOULD earth-born care and sorrow

Within your hearts hold sway,

Dismiss them till the morrow

And hearken to our lay.

With merry voice we greet you,

So care must disappear,

To joyful songs we treat you

And bid you welcome here,

And welcome every year !

A SPRING MADRIGAL

(Written for the Treble Clef)

WHEN joyous sounds are ringing,
The birds sweet songs are singing,
And flow'rets are upspringing,

Then summer-time is near.

La-la-la, tra-la-la-la,

The summer-time is near.

When roses' hearts are flaming,
The brooks their murmurs taming,
All nature is proclaiming

That summer-time is here.

La-la-la, tra-la-la-la,

Glad summer-time is here.

When butterflies are soaring
'Mongst honeyed buds, adoring,
The sun warm rays outpouring,
Then summer-time is here.
La-la-la, tra-la-la-la,
Blest summer-time so dear.

AN ENIGMA

IF U were I

And I were U,

I wonder what the world would do?

For then, U C,

We both would B

An alphabetic mystery !

SONNET

FAREWELL TO CONSTANTINOPLE

I CAME a stranger to a foreign land,
Where Ignorance and Superstition breed
No recognition of a woman's need
Of manly chivalry and helping hand
Accorded her by him who's nobly planned.
Alas ! 'tis true, by Turks too little heed
Is given her, whom Custom has not freed
From narrow laws we cannot understand.

In contrast marked, in native land I found
Those men, as gentlemen and scholars known,

That type of mingled courtesy and force
For which the newer continent's renowned,
Such men as Culture loves to call her own,
And proudly, as Americans, endorse !

A PARTING

WHEN friends depart for distant lands,
We watch them as they leave the shore,
And gayly wave and kiss our hands
And "au revoir !" we call once more.

If stronger friendship though be felt,
That called Platonic, name most vain !
We're not then apt in tears to melt,
But, hands clasped, cry, "Auf wiedersehn !"

And if some sentimental token
Has caused two hearts to beat quite high,

The sweet Italian words are spoken,

“A rivederci !” with a sigh.

But, sweeter still, true love is hid

In th’ accents gentle, soft and low,

The pure Castilian of the Cid,

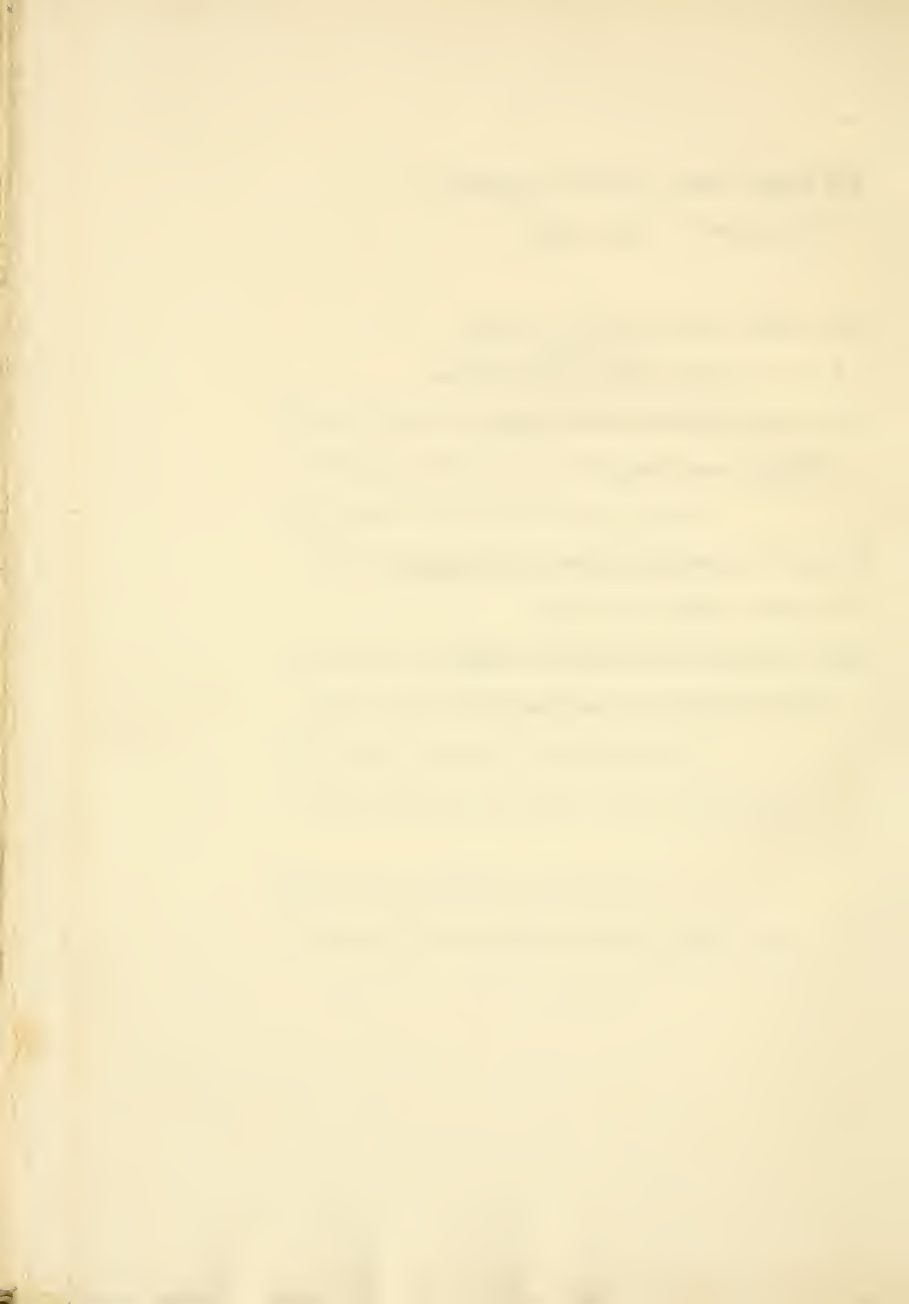
“Adios, hasta luego !”

So harsh by contrast seems our tongue !

To love it does not cater,

And carelessly the words are sung,

“Good-by, I’ll see you later !”







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